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STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
LAW SCHOOL

**Bestae**

15 October 2002

Vol. 53 No. 3

# Webcast Classes Could Change Law School Forever

by Sharon Ceresnie

On October 10, Eric Eldred, petitioner in *Eldred v. Ashcroft*, the Supreme Court case challenging the constitutionality of Copyright term extensions, joined Professor Molly Van Houweling's 8. a.m. Copyright class. And, in turn, the forty students in Van Houweling's class joined both lecturers in Washington, D.C., where Van Houweling conducted class via Webcast.

I walked into room 220 and sat down in front of a giant projector screen featuring Eldred and Van Houweling, who stared back out at the classroom as we got assembled. I sat back waiting for the hour-long lecture to begin, which to my surprise, did not involve a classroom full of

half-awake law students listening to Eldred speak; this was actually going to be a real class! Just as we could view Van Houweling sitting at a desk in Washington, D.C., she could watch the class through the webcam in the front of the classroom.

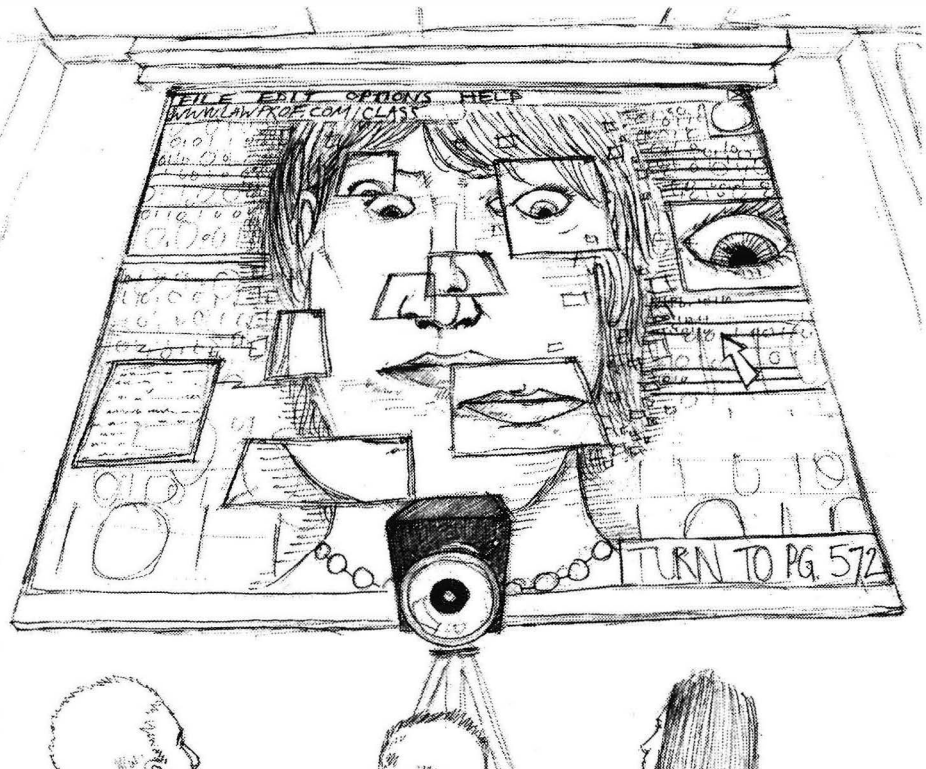
Van Houweling began class as usual by recapping the material covered the previous day. Then, all of a sudden, she looks out from the screen and asks, "Mr. Jacobs...what do you think?" I looked around the room shocked - Van Houweling had just cold called from Washington, D.C!

I must admit I am a little worried for the future of law school: no longer will

professors skip town and leave you hanging...giving you a day to catch up on some sleep. The days of cancelled classes might be over forever. We are in imminent danger of exposing our professors to the newest and best technologies. Our only saving grace is that most law school professors are not as technologically savvy as Van Houweling, and maybe it would be best to keep it that way.

In all honesty, Van Houweling's Webcast class was one of the coolest experiences I have had at law school to date. With the advent of newer technologies in the classrooms, our law school education will only be enhanced. Not only will students be able to ask questions via e-mail, but we will also be able to use Internet for interacting with the global legal community. Van Houweling is leading the way to exposing the law school to technological advancements and improving our educational experience. I can even imagine future Michigan 1Ls petitioning for Webcam installations in professors' homes, enabling instantaneous responses to *all* their questions! (I suspect even law school professors might one day be wishing for limitations to such pervasive technology.)

RG





# Res Gestae

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## Bottom of the Pile

by Andy Daly

Let me set the scene for you. Friday night, light rain, first real cold night of the fall. After some preliminary feeling out: a breakthrough. Then chaos. A fumble in the end zone leads to a tangle of arms and legs. The crowd is holding its collective breath. Furtive jabs are exchanged. Elbows are dug into ribs, knees into backs. Teeth are clenched. Eyes are closed tight. Twenty-two young people are piled in a dimly lit end zone. Forty-four knees; forty-four elbows. But only one pair of hands clutches the prize.

Many of the 2Ls and 3Ls can relate to the tension. After the initial feeling out and chaos of early-interview week, many of us have been holding our breath when approaching our mailbox or checking any voicemail received during business hours. In the last few weeks, the refs, here dressed as hiring partners, have been sorting our nationwide pig pile. Many would-be summer associates have emerged with offers while others still wait.

Emerging from the pile, the lanky 16-year old tight end emerged with the ball held high, and an ear-to-ear grin. After weeks of hard work, extreme amounts of stress, and periods of self-doubt, his post-touchdown joy radiated clear to the cheap seats. He was rewarded for being on the receiving end of many of those jabs.

After opening constant ding letters, the law student's feeling of receiving a call-back or an offer, must be just as triumphant. I am sure that similar grins have graced the visages of our celebratory colleagues. I even dare to speculate that some shameless displays of law student dancing have occurred.

So as you delve into this issue's offerings, if you are among the anointed, keep dancing and grinning. If you are still waiting, good luck, and keep fighting your way to the bottom of the pile.



## Fast Times at Small Firms

by Jessie Grodstein

The brightest minds in the land are not attracted to Michigan in order to become good law students. Rather they intend to become good lawyers. Where they choose to pursue this goal will depend on a number of variables: the likelihood of advancement, the opportunity for client interaction, the potential for impacting one's community. Does size matter? "Absolutely," says Laura Tilly ('84), partner at the Chicago civil rights and economic development firm of Miner, Barnhill, and Galland.

Speaking before a crowded room of law students on October 9, Tilly lauded the advantages of small firm practice, citing her ability to move up, to gain recognition, and within six years become partner, despite the fact that she has three children. She is now able to work part time and keep her position within the firm, a move which she stated would have been impossible in a large firm.

Such job satisfaction is rare within the legal profession. In a 1995 survey by the American Bar Association's Young Lawyers Division, nearly a third of all respondents reported that they were strongly considering leaving their current jobs, and another 31% were willing to consider doing so. Those in very large firms were more likely to consider leaving.

According to fellow Michigan alumnus Megan Fitzpatrick Bula ('97), the benefits of working in a small or medium size firm can be succinctly summed up in the fact that, at such firms, "there is a lot less ego." Bula, an associate in the litigation practice group of Shumaker, Loop and Kendrick in Toledo, Ohio assured the audience that, rather than feeling obliged to



secure facetime, lawyers at smaller firms work late only when necessary to meet the needs of the client. These instances are few and far between assured Bula, the recent mother of a ten month old.

Contrary to popular belief, those who wind up in small firms are not the ones who didn't get call backs from Skadden or Cravath. Going to a small firm is a choice rather than a default. Those who opt for small firm practice are looking beyond six-figure salaries. "They are looking for quality of life," declared Bula. And these job candidates are often among the best and brightest of their graduating classes.

According to Tilly, whose firm centers around complex plaintiff-litigation, the newest associates at her firm come from the country's elite law schools. Many have had prestigious clerkships. After a summer spent researching at one of the larger, more glamorous firms, these candidates seek out smaller firms in which they can have a greater impact.

The idea of impact is one of the main attractions of small-firm work. Recent alumna Mischa Gibbons ('00), who rounded out the panel, promised that, while smaller firms may not always attract the big name clients, the work remains just as interesting. "Some small firms do big firm work." The result is that a new associate in such a firm will get a chance to see the inside of a courtroom while working on important cases. The associate's contribution will go further than just completing a Lexis search. Gibbons, an associate with Fink, Zausmer and Kaufman in Farmington Hills, MI, has managed 30 individual lawsuits in her two year tenure, many of which have been important to the firm. Comparing herself to other '00 grads, Gibbons stated that, "From a litigation perspective, I got to go to the courtroom a lot sooner."

Perhaps the most obvious reason why more law students saddled with debt don't pursue the smaller firms is that there is less money on offer. While the starting salary at a large firm runs up to \$125,000,

most small firms can not make such offers. "This makes a huge difference," cautioned Gibbons, "especially when paying back law school loans." While it may be frustrating not to earn as much as some of your peers, Tilly assured those present that she is quite comfortable, "Personally I have no complaints financially."

Another often overlooked disadvantage of small firm work is that, when a firm consists of only ten to fifteen lawyers, it is much more important

to get along with everyone. Describing the atmosphere at her firm as informal and "a little chaotic," Tilly emphasized the frenetic atmosphere. Those who are interested in polished lobbies and high-speed elevators would not be happy practicing at her firm, whose offices are on a three floor walk-up.

Yet those interested in a homey, intimate environment are probably curious as to how one goes about entering a small firm. Since most small firms are not on track with on-campus interviewing (OCI), the job search for those interested in such work can be lonely. No one will be knocking on your door, no one will fly to Ann Arbor to meet you. Small firms hire for their needs, not just to fill a gap in their portfolios.

With one to two positions opening up every two to three years in Tilly's firm, she offered the most blatant advice for how to land a job, "do well in school. Most firms are still quite elitist." That being said, there are still a number of tips out there for those interested in pursuing small firm work:

**Σ Network.** One of the greatest assets a law student can cultivate is the ability to talk with alumni, to join groups, to meet with professors, and to develop a long list of potential contacts. Find out what small firms there are in

the market in which you wish to practice. Use Career Services to find out which Michigan alumni work in that market. Call or e-mail and set up informational interviews.

**Σ Research.** Don't stop with a Google search. One of the least used resources is the local bar association, Bula advised. "Go to them, they know who will be looking." You can find out which small firms are doing the type of work you are interested in and who has openings. This might be a more effective resource in smaller cities, but don't be afraid to use the local bar association in any market. One way to find the local bar association is by searching the Web site of the National Association of Bar Executives at [www.nabe.org](http://www.nabe.org).

**Σ Don't get frustrated.** Gibbons admitted that her job search process was incredibly frustrating, particularly since most of her friends were flying to L.A. and New York nearly every weekend. "I didn't get my offer until the morning of my tax final. I was the last person who knew what I was going to do." Because few jobs at small firms are obtained through OCI, the importance of individual initiative is enormous. Small firms might not bite immediately, or as often compared to those who do on-campus recruiting. One way to assure that small firms know your name is to do repeat resume mailings. If you don't hear back from the firm, try again. Follow-up with a telephone call or e-mail within a week after your cover letter is sent. Because small firms keep numbers and, subsequently, payroll size down, it may just be a matter of hitting a firm at the right time.



Does size matter?  
"Absolutely," says  
Laura Tilly ('84)

# Student Profile: Meet Maren Norton

by Sharon Ceresnie

If you've already met her, you were probably greeted with a "Howdy!" and every time after that, a "What's up, y'all?" (she's even been spotted greeting her interviewers with a "Howdy"). But, if you haven't yet had the pleasure, it's time to meet Maren.

Law School Student Senate President Maren Norton, a native of Seattle, Washington, isn't sure where she picked up the southern drawl - even her family wonders where she got the southern lingo - but it serves her well.

No novice at taking charge, Maren served as Student Body President at Stanford University, where she went to undergrad, and has worked on numerous political campaigns in the state of Washington and in the Washington State Congress.

From a very young age Maren knew she wanted to take the lead. "If you had asked me when I was a kid what I wanted to be when I grew up," she remembers, "I was going to be President." And it looks like she has attained her goal (so to speak).

Serving as President of LSSS gives Maren a chance to get involved in a "real way" and to make law school a more enjoyable place for all students and faculty. She began her involvement in LSSS last year as a 1L representative of section MNOP. After seeing that her section put so much faith in her and getting so excited about the things that LSSS could do for them, she decided to run for President. "I love being involved in all student groups and playing a role in helping in any way I can," she says.

As a leader, Maren aims to be accessible, so that students will feel comfortable voic-

ing their opinions. No matter how upset someone is, Maren says, he or she "deserves to be heard." She aims to be a facilitator of communication for the entire law school community. "Amidst frustration there's usually a good idea," she says.

This year, Maren plans to continue to run LSSS in the way the organization has been run in the past by making sure to take into account all the suggestions that



people make. This summer, the LSSS overhauled the way that student organizations get funding to make it easier and less bureaucratic. Maren has already been instrumental in implementing changes in safety policies, the poster policy, and e-mail policy.

LSSS will also be taking a look at whether the law school should implement an honor code, and how to make teacher evaluations more effective for professors and students.

As far as the fun things LSSS is planning, there's a lot in store for this year. Programs in the works include the Halloween Party, the Jenny Runkles Fall Ball, Talent Show, Bar Week, Bar Nights, Law School Prom, and a Ding Party. Maren

says she wants to make sure that people can have a good time while at law school and loves that these types of activities bring such an "eclectic group of people together."

As for Maren's life outside of law school, she calls herself a huge sports fan, a huge family and friends person and a "Political Geek." After law school, she plans to return to the Pacific Northwest. "I want to come back to the community that sent me where I've wanted to go," she says.

Starting out as a lawyer, she feels, will be a great way to use her background and experiences to serve her community, she says. Maren plans to continue serving the communities that she immerses herself in and might even run for office one day. "I love the excuse politics gives you to ask people how you can help them," she says.

In the mean time, she is enjoying her time at Michigan as LSSS president. As for whether she will run again next year, that has yet to be decided. One thing she does know is that being involved with LSSS is "a blast!"

So, now that you've met Maren, don't hesitate to make yourself heard because she is willing to listen. And once you meet her, you'll look forward to those notorious "Howdies" and "What's up y'alls."



Is there a law student you think we should profile? A professor?  
Let us know, e-mail us at  
rg.umich.edu





# Excerpt from the Diary of lawstudents@umich.edu

(As purloined by D.C. Lee)

Dear Diary –

Like John Navarre running up-field for three yards, I'm exhausted. It's only been seven weeks, but already I've been abused more than a guest on Bill O'Reilly's *The O'Reilly Factor* – and for no good reason either. I'm abused just because I'm here.

It started two years ago when my biological parents, the University of Michigan Law School Administration, abandoned me. My parents were a caring bunch, but they were too busy tending to their alumni sons and daughters. My parents loved me, but I caused too many problems and didn't pay the bills. So they gave me up for adoption.

Fortunately, the Law School Student Senate found the heart to give an abandoned list-serve a home. After all, my new parents don't really do anything at all, so you'd think they'd have all the time in the world to tend to my needs. Alas, I was wrong. My LSSS parents abuse me more than everyone else combined, what with their "minutes" and empty threats. But I've adjusted. My new parents aren't the real problem. The real problems are my so-called friends.

Oh Diary, it's sooo sad. Everyone thinks I'm a whore – every time I meet a new guy he tries to give me a virus. A few nice boys tried to give me some protection, but that's for undergrads – I'm a liberated woman!

And then there's this girl people call HeadNotes – she's always asking me to hang out with her. I don't think she has many friends; at least not many guys.

But speaking of guys, Diary, I met this cute boy, Phid. He has "crazy hair," but he's tall, dark, handsome and good to me. He called me once to tell me about this party at his house, but I couldn't make it. I guess he was mad, because he decided to send me a folder with pictures of all the drunken 1Ls he met that night. I don't think he'll be calling again.

I'm such a scatterbox. Maybe that's why law students think they should come to me with their announcements and problems.

They just don't understand. I have my own problems too. A couple of weeks ago I lost my Antitrust casebook. Soon after that I lost both my red, Clinique day planner AND my red, canvass bound Civil Procedure casebook (5<sup>th</sup> ed.) with significantly irrelevant passages underlined, accompanied by unintelligent marginalia/comments, possibly left in Rm100 after Peters' Wed. 11:15 Civ Pro class. What's a girl to do!

I'm routinely invited to twenty plus meetings a week, but most of these people just want me to donate ten dollars to their pizza and beer coffers. Excuse me, pizza and beer? I only eat at the Gandy Dancer and the Chop House, and I won't drink anywhere that's not on Main St.

I guess they don't understand. No one understands me but you, Diary. Thanks for listening to me.

Oh yes, Diary, forget what I said about the red, Clinique day planner, possibly left in room 150 after Employment Discrimination on Wednesday at 2:30 – it was at work!

-lawstudents@umich.edu, 10-15-02



# Lunch For Two

by Sara Klettke and Andy Daly

Afternoon Delight  
251 E. Liberty  
Ann Arbor  
734 - 665- 7513

SK: A café but more pleasant than most of the cafes right off of State and University, enough room to sit, music on. Afternoon Delight offers a variety of options heavy on fruit, vegetables and whole grains, and many options on the menu are marked by the familiar M-Fit designation. The fruit salad, for \$6.99, is a large plate of fresh fruit including fresh blueberries and strawberries. Sugar-free and fat-free frozen yogurt is available for dessert. The expansive salad bar and health food menu would suggest a wide variety of vegetarian options, but vegans beware: the café offers plenty of egg and dairy based entrees, but is devoid of soy or other legumes.

I decided to try the vegetarian vegetable soup; a cup was \$2.59 and came with two thick slices of dark wheat bread. By the looks of it, the soup was likely homemade. The vegetables included un-sliced broccoli and cauliflower florets, tomatoes with the skins still on, sliced cabbage, onion and carrots. Adding to the visual appeal, a sprinkle of oregano decorated the broth. Unfortunately, the soup did not taste as good as it looked. My soup was served lukewarm, and there was little taste behind the bland tomato base; the oregano was not nearly enough to make up for the lack of any sharp taste. The bread, while not bad, was not as grainy as the color suggested, the few sesame seeds on top supplying the only bulk.

AD: Due to the odd layout of the restaurant, the new diner is greeted with a cafeteria line and several confused customers mulling about looking at the menu and the very present specials board. Once in line, you grab a tray, order your entrée, and pick up your silverware. Continuing

**Lunch, continued from page 5**

with the lunchroom theme, you dispense your own drink as your entrée is being prepared, in my case, a grilled roast beef and cheddar patty-melt on sourdough bread. Awaiting my sandwich I ordered a brownie, boasted on the menu as "The Best". After paying, I hit the salad bar for my side salad that came with the sandwich.

The salad bar was impressive, about twice the size of your typical salad bar. I was somewhat disappointed by the diminutive size of my salad bowl. I managed to sample the mixed greens that included several types of lettuce and fresh spinach leaves. To this I added grated carrots, cucumber slices and very appealing croutons. The croutons were large, soft-toasted and quite rich and crumbly. No hard croutons here. The salad, despite its size, was a fine start to my lunch.

The patty-melt was a nice surprise. Although it was grilled, it was neither overly greasy nor very messy. The emphasis was not on the cheese, but on the thinly sliced and lightly seasoned roast beef. This sandwich did not come with any frills, but the sourdough bread was pleasant and light and did not suffer from the sogginess that often plagues similar sandwiches. My one knock against this \$6.99 sandwich was the lack of sautéed onion.

Taking away from the lunch, however, was the watered down and just plain offensive lemonade. I am not sure what I expected from a dispenser, but I did not expect it to be that bad. I would believe it if someone told me that there was something wrong with the machine.

On a more pleasant note, the brownie did not disappoint. If you like fudge brownies or are allergic to nuts, this is not the brownie for you. An index card sized affair, the brownie has a cake texture similar to that of a carrot cake or a ginger cake. What grabbed my attention were the full-size walnuts liberally distributed within my dessert. Not sure if it qualifies as the best brownie I have ever had, but I certainly approve of this solid effort.

Final Analysis:

AD: Nice change of pace, no plans to make it my regular spot though.

SK: For the price, Cosi or Amer's is a much better bet.



# Interpol: Turn on the Bright Lights



4 out of 5 gavels

by Steven Boender

Remember when music was both danceable and dark? Well, that mean-spirited, Camus-reading cousin of 80s pop, New Wave, is back and enjoying something of a renaissance as of late. It seems that any band listing Joy Division or The Psychedelic Furs on their list of influences is suddenly "the next big thing" right now (bonus points if they hail NYC). Interpol is one such band riding the crest of the new-New Wave (or post-post-punk?).

Sure, they dress exquisitely in suits, don coifs that would make A Flock of Seagulls blush, and yes, they are New Yorkers, Interpol has more to offer beyond the current crop of nostalgia acts (how can it be nostalgia when most of the band members were born after Ian Curtis hanged himself?). Paul Banks fronts Interpol, with a disaffected voice that can't help but remind the listener of the above-mentioned Curtis. Musically, the band is reminiscent of New Wave, with a decidedly rougher edge. The guitars, not content to hide behind the lull of the synthesizer, cut angular patterns across the songs, while retaining the minimalism that separates Interpol from most guitar-driven pop bands.

*Turn on the Bright Lights* starts off with "untitled", an atmospheric reverberated song that serves as the perfect

opener for the record. While listening, you can almost picture this being played at the end of a re-make of *The Breakfast Club*, with Judd Nelson triumphantly pumping his fist. Immediately after "untitled", the band kicks in with "obstacle 1", the polar opposite of the opener. Over the steady drums and dueling guitars, Banks complains in a frantic, almost wailing, voice, "she puts the weight into my little heart and she gets in my room and she takes it apart."

Lyricaly, Banks proves to be a diverse fellow. From scathing lines like, "friends don't waste wine when there's words to sell," in "obstacle 2" to the balladry of "NYC", a love song to the scene in New York, Banks refuses to be pigeonholed as another dark gloom prophet. Perhaps that's what separates Interpol from the glut of trend-hoppers name-dropping Nick Cave to their hairstylists, the refusal to be pigeonholed. From track to track, Interpol keeps you guessing, succeeding far more than they fail. *Turn on the Bright Lights* manages to salute the past while simultaneously forging new territory, waving back at the Stone Roses while they take the music forward; definitely a great record for sitting in the dark and sipping Merlot. Now guys, about the hairstyles...



PHOTO BY MICHAEL EDWARDS © 2002

Interpol  
*Turn on the Bright Lights*  
2002 Matador Records  
List Price: \$9.98

# Nashville: 1 Part Vegas + 1 Part New Orleans, Shake Vigorously

by John Fedynsky

Fall break exists for a reason. For some, it's a chance to catch up on schoolwork. For others – most 2Ls, probably – it's a chance to schedule callback interviews and not worry about class. For those like me, it's a vacation. A chance to not touch a law book for days. An opportunity to blow off a little steam and forget about the job search. In other words, bliss.

Nashville was the destination, for I have a friend at Vanderbilt Law who was willing to put my brother and me up for free for a few days. Apart from visiting my friend and hanging out with my brother, I justified the trip as a visit to the southern edge of the Sixth Circuit. People identify by state – why not by circuit?

My immediate impression of Nashville was that it is a nice mix of Las Vegas and New Orleans. A town with a sinful edge tempered by a little southern class. Bright lights and jean skirts. BYOB strip clubs and rib joints. Opryland embodied the dichotomy best – a massive hotel and convention center nestled under huge atriums. Like casinos, Opryland was a completely self-sustaining, artificial environment. Its inhabitants have no reason to ever leave. People believed me when I jokingly said “Biodome” was filmed there. Only the gaming – er, gambling – was missing. Like any casino, and Vegas ones in particular, Opryland has no special claim to its location. It might as well be in Minneapolis or Topeka. But it had a Nashville feel to it from the friendly people to the country music.

We took a day trip to the Jack Daniel's Distillery in Lynchburg. The town was swimming with tourists and Jack Daniel's memorabilia. We laughed at how out of place we must have looked as we ate bar-

becue and listened to a local band during lunch. Live music, by the way, is easy to find in middle Tennessee. The tour of the distillery was fun, informative, and free. But since Moore County is a dry county, we got no free samples. It was interesting how the distillery at once respected and bent the law. Our tour guide struck me as the law and order type when she sent a barefoot tour member back to the visitor center because of “safety rules.” But in the same breath, I heard that Moore County has been dry since the early 20<sup>th</sup> century and that the only place to buy booze there is at the distillery gift shop. Why the exception? Because the bottles are special commemorative bottles with fancy labels and etchings. I learned a bit about tax law when the tour guide told me that people who buy individual barrels of whiskey (sticker price: about \$7000)



get an empty barrel and 256 bottles because federal tax law requires bottling. So anyone asking for just the barrel with a tap is out of luck. Damned feds.

Federal rule is not completely disfavored in Tennessee. A visit to The Hermitage – President Andrew Jackson's home (imagine a more quaint Monticello) – revealed a profound respect for and

pride in the man whose visage appears on the 20-dollar bill. I noticed very few Confederate flags. The Titans even let the visiting Redskins romp to victory. I watched in amazement and satisfaction as a man sporting a Titans jersey cordially congratulated a nearby fan wearing a Redskins jersey. And nothing beats hearing the national anthem as a squadron of military jets fly by overhead.

But by far the quirkiest, coolest thing I saw was Loni's Western Room (Centennial Park's 1:1 scale replica of the Parthenon deserves second place). At Loni's, beer bottles flow by the bucket and the karaoke is plentiful. Nestled in Printer's Alley, Loni's can't be more than twenty feet wide. You squeeze in to hear and see the singers on stage behind the bar. You try to ignore the guard in the corner packing heat. Unlike regular karaoke bars, not just anyone can grab hold of the mike and sing, which might explain the guns. You have to be one of the attractive bartenders (imagine Coyote Ugly, the musical) to get the stage. That, or an overweight guy with a goatee who sings one hell of a “Piano Man.” I heard the rootinest, tootinest rendition of “Proud Mary” and watched a girl ignite the crowd as she danced on the bar. She left me breathless and sweating – she moved that fast. Then men stuffed money down her jeans. Big wheels keep on turning.

When I visited Europe, I often thought how remarkable it was to get on a train for a few hours and leave one place for a totally different location. For the first time, I really felt that way in the states. Nashville is at once an hour away by plane yet light years away in other respects.

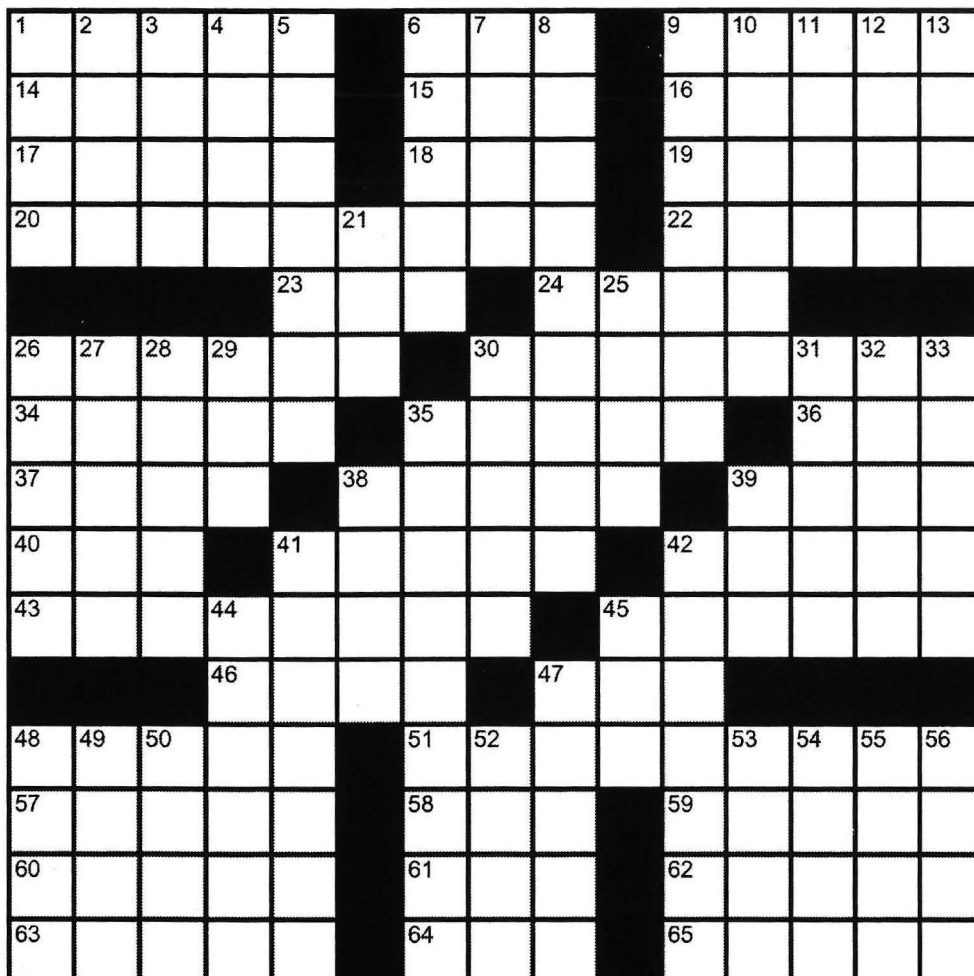


**Across**

1. British exclamation
6. Two dads
9. Musical composition
14. Amelia Earhardt or Wilbur Wright
15. Diamonds
16. Basket material
17. Accustom
18. Electrical Resistance unit
19. "Gang Aft \_\_\_\_"
20. Republican National \_\_\_\_
22. Energetic People
23. Neither this \_\_\_\_ that
24. Obnoxious person
26. Boom box
30. Made steady
34. Garden article
35. Stingy
36. Hummer or Hum- \_\_\_\_
37. Cowardly \_\_\_\_
38. \_\_\_\_ of milk
39. Sphag \_\_\_\_
40. Actress \_\_\_\_ Margaret
41. "\_\_\_\_ like a truck"
42. CeO2
43. Explain
45. Attorney
46. Leak out slowly
47. \_\_\_\_ Wednesday
48. Arm joint
51. Radiograph
57. Gazes
58. Frigid
59. Spanish or Greek
60. Nickname for Louis
61. For fishing or hair
62. "Lots" in Spanish
63. Paid
64. Girl Scouts of America (Abbrev.)
65. Vomits

**Down**

1. Extended poem
2. Musician Vannelli
3. Alumna (informal)
4. College dwelling
5. Founded anthroposophy
6. Pianist Anderszewski
7. Yearn painfully
8. Academic-year halves
9. Driving guide
10. \_\_\_\_-Schlatter Disease
11. Egyptian river
12. Bambi
13. Swedish currency (pl.)
21. Also
25. Miami team
26. Cobb or Garden
27. Threefold
28. Made of ebony (pl.)
29. Director Howard
30. Figure
31. Ebony and \_\_\_\_
32. Mysterious
33. Exclude
35. Burdening
38. Short test
39. Stitch
41. To be half-asleep
42. Secret partnership
44. Chocolate chip or oatmeal
45. Large-scale integration (Abbrev.)
47. Temple sanctum
48. Singer Fitzgerald
49. Fish-eating bird
50. Match
52. Experts
53. Soggy mixture
54. To be carried
55. Confess
56. \_\_\_\_ hall



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